

BATH POEM

Captain Festus McBoyle

*It's been three long years since I swam in the abyss
A bathtub full of bubbles that I'd rather give a miss*

*Cos' soaping up one's body and conditioning one's hair
Whilst it might appeal to others, it's a Pirates worst nightmare*

*I'd rather stay all grimy with my clothes all full of fleas
Potatoes in between my toes and fungus on my knees*

*A purple rash beneath my pits, yes Prickly heat or mold
And a stench I find appealing if the truth is to be told*

*Blackened dirt beneath my nails yes both my hands and feet
My boots they house a pungent smell, the smell of rotten meat*

*My hat is but a dusty cloud which floats above my head
And my nose is rather crusty and it glows a shade of red*

*My face is somewhat spottie and my skin is slightly green
My breath smells like a rubbish bin and my teeth are far between*